

Stolen and Used(Ginger's Story)

By : **IceBreaker**

(FINISHED) A virgin girl gets kidnapped and put into the world of pain.



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Author's Note: For those who read my other novel called sex toy, this novel isn't about the sex addict. I have to put that off for a little bit. This story I've been wanting to write for the longest but I never knew how to start it off. But I finally wrote it. So here's chapter 1.

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Chapter 1: Stolen

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It was around midnight when I left my house. Me and my stepmother just had a huge argument. I wanted to like her. I really did for my dad but me and her just didn't get along. It wasn't my fault either. If she wasn't such a bitch, she'd earn my respect. First thing she did as soon as she moved in was take down all the pictures of my mother who died.

I asked her if I could at least put all my mother's pictures in my room and she said no and threw them away. And my dad just stood there saying nothing. I wiped away the tears that came down. I had my book bag securely on my back. It was filled with clothes. I guess I can ask my friend, Jasmine, if I could stay with her for a few days. It should be harmless enough.

A black car suddenly stopped beside me. I only stopped walking momentarily. Deliberating what I should do. I snapped back to reality and began walking again. The car slowly followed me. I sighed. I was already upset and irritated and now whoever this was was pissing me off more. It suddenly stopped and I heard a car door open. Just ignore it, Haley. It's okay. I suddenly felt a hand over my mouth and somebody pulling me back. I screamed as loud as I could but my screams were being muffled. I kicked and screamed. Whoever it was that had me, forced me into the backseat of the car with another man. The man looked at me and smiled. "Hello, sweetheart." He whispered. Fear ran over my whole body. I couldn't even talk. The car sped off. I unlocked the door and began reaching for the handle but the man that was in the backseat of the car with me grabbed my arms and held me down to the seat. His lips rested on mine. I bit his lip with my teeth and he pulled back, raised his fist and punched me hard in my face. That's when everything went black.

When I woke up the next morning, I was in a room. It was a bedroom. It was sunny outside. The room I was in had a huge bed with gold and red sheet covering it. Everything looked elegant and expensive. I immediately got up remembering the event that took place last night. My cheek was slightly sore but I ignored it.

I got up and went up to the first door I saw and forced it open. There was the man from the backseat last night. He was beautiful. He had dark green eyes. Black hair. His skin was smooth and the color of Ivory. He had on an all black suit and a smirk on his face. "Going somewhere?" He asked. I backed up back into the room. He walked into the room with me and closed the door and locked it. "Sit on the bed." I didn't obey him. I wasn't his fucking slave. "No." I said. His smile grew wider. "Have you ever been tied to a bed before?" I shook my head. "Want to be?" I shook my head again.

"Then sit the fuck down." He demanded. I slowly walked over and sat onto the bed. He walked in front of me and looked down at me. "What's your name?" He asked. I could feel tears coming to my eyes. I was scared to death. "Haley." I whispered. He nodded once. "Haley what?" I bit down on my lip. "Haley Robinson." He smiled and grabbed a piece of my hair and twirled it in his fingers. "How old are you Haley?"

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"Sixteen." I answered. He got down on his knees in front of me. His hands rested on my thighs and they trailed up to my waist. "Are you a virgin?" He asked. Why would he want to know that? "No." I said. I don't know why I lied. I was nervous and scared and confused.

"That's kind of sad. I would have liked to take it from you." My body became stiff. "Can I ask you something?" He nodded and explored my body with his eyes. Then his eyes looked back into mine. "Where am I?" He let out a small laugh. "It's better if you didn't know."

"Why am I here?" He smiled. "My son knows you. I've seen you around his school and the moment I saw you....."

"You're fucking sick." I whispered. That wasn't suppose to come out. "What did you say to me?" I shook my head. "Nothing." I said. He placed his hands on my knees and spread my legs slightly. He positioned himself in between them and stared into my eyes. His face was a millimeter from mine. He breathed deeply. "I want to kiss you." He whispered.

"Well don't." I said. he chuckled and placed his lips against mine any way. I placed my hands on his shoulders and tried to push him away. I was suddenly all the way on the bed and he was holding my hands down onto the bed. He began to growl and moan as he kissed me. I shut my eyes tight. I prayed it would be over soon. But my prayer was soon shot to hell as I felt my jeans unbutton.

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Chapter 2: Honey

Author's Note: Short Chapter.....sorry. I'm writing chapter 3 right now.

Chapter 2: Honey

"No. Stop." I said trying to push him off of me. His eyes looked into mine. "Why should I?" He asked. "Let me go." I said. He smiled. "Try. The door's right there." I tried to slip away from him but it was impossible. "I can't." I said pushing his shoulders. He smiled. "I know. You're mine." He said looking down at me. I spat in his face. He sighed and wiped it away with his hand. That's when he forced my shirt up and ripped it off. "No! No. I'm so sorry." I cried.

"Shut up!" He said forcing my pants down. My eyes closed as I felt his hands explore my body. I stayed where I was. I was afraid that if I moved an inch, he'd get mad at me. I felt his lips across my chest. My breaths were heavy and shaky. "Do you have a boyfriend, Haley?" I shook my head and kept my eyes closed. My heart was pounding fast. I had goose bumps running down my body. I didn't like the nervous scared feeling he was giving me. "What do you want from me?" I asked. He didn't answer at first. He straddled me and ran his hands over my bra. "I think you know." He finally said.

"No. I don't." He had a smirk on his face. "I would like to fuck you, Haley. I'm not going to lie. I've wanted to since I saw you. Yeah, it might be sick but guess what? I don't care. You're going to be my pet. But don't think you're alone. You're not the only person in here who's going to be serving me. There's other girls." He smiled deviously at me.

"Others?" He nodded. He's kidnapped others. "I'm going to have to give you a name." He said. "My name is Haley." I said. He shook his head. "Your new name is Ginger." He said. Ginger? "No." He got up and grabbed my arm forcing me up. "Come on." He grabbed my arm and lead me down some stairs. I have to admit that I was slightly happy that he brought me out the room. I didn't what suddenly made him change his mind about violating me right then and there, but I was thankful he didn't. His grip on my arm tightened as he led me down the hallway. I was brought into a room full of half naked girls. They had on fishnets and heels and lingerie. They all stopped to look at me. I became a little embarrassed because I didn't have a shirt on. "Honey, come here." He said to a brunette girl. She was pretty and looked slightly older than me. She walked over and smiled at me. "Take care of her while I take care of some business. But don't you dare let her get away." He said. She nodded. He left out of the room and my fear was wiped away immediatley. "Come with me." She grabbed my hand and led me out of the room. "What is your name?" She asked. "Haley." I answered. She let out a small laugh.

"I mean the name he gave you." She said looking back at me. "Oh..um. Ginger." I said. She nodded. "Nice. It suits you." She led me to a dark room that was only lit up by a lamp. "Why are all you here?" I asked. She looked at me. "We're like, sex slaves basically. We let them fuck us and they keep us until they're tired or annoyed by us." I smiled. "They let us go afterwards?" She shook her head. "They kill us." My hope was soon shot to hell. But then I realized something. "Wait. You said they. There's more guys?" She nodded. "You didn't think we just served him did you?"

I didn't answer. I sat down on a small beige chair and watched her. "How old are you?" She asked as she began to open a closet door. "I'm sixteen." I answered. She quickly turned to me.

"Sixteen? He must really like you. Most of us are in our early twenties." She grabbed a sheet and a pillow from the closet and shut the door. "The rules are simple. All you pretty much have to do, is let them fuck you. Don't talk back. Don't yell or argue with them. It's just going to make them angry and you'll die." She

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spreaded the sheet onto the bed. "Wait so what happens if you lie to one of them?" She shrugged as she threw the pillow onto the bed. She slowly turned to me. "Depends on how much the lie affects them." I bit my lip.

"Why? What did you lie about?" She asked. "I...kind of lied to him about not being a virgin." Her eyes grew wide. "So, you've never had sex?" I shook my head. I was a sixteen year old inexperienced girl. Was that against the law?

"So Shane picked up a sixteen year old virgin? That will not end good." She assured. I didn't even want to know what she mean by 'not end good'. But did she mean not end good for him or me?

She spreaded the blanket over the bed. "Here you go. This can be your new room. But since you're a new girl, he might make you sleep in his room with him. He's fucked every girl in here and some doesn't care because he's so fucking hot. And he is.....but he's more violent than the other guys."

She threw a shirt to me. I placed it on. "And he's more careless of your feelings. No girl here has came here a virgin. So I'm pretty sure the first time he has sex with you, that he won't be gentle." Thanks for making me more nervous. I just wanted to get out of here. I actually would rather be back home hugging my bitchy stepmother than be here.

"Any advice?" I asked. "Don't fight it." She said. I raised my eyebrow. Why wouldn't I fight it? It'll be unwanted sex. "Unlike the other guys, Shane likes it when girls fight it. I guess he gets turned on by rape which is sick." I nodded. That is sick. "I'm scared." I whispered. She let out a small sigh and hugged me. "I know you are. I wish there was something, anything I can do but there isn't. I'm sorry, sweetheart. No sixteen year old should be in this kind of situation. Hell, nobody should be in this situation." She pulled back and looked at me. "Just be strong, Ginger." I was upset about my name but I nodded anyway. She smiled a little and walked pass me. "Wait!" I said turning around. She turned to face me. "What's your name?" I asked. She smiled. "Honey." She answered. "Your real name." I said. "Andrea." She answered before walking off. I didn't know what I was going to do. But I am going to find a way out of this hell hole.

Chapter 3: Taken from me

Chapter 3: Taken from me

I looked around the room and my eyes stopped on a wall that had burgandy curtains against it. I slowly walked over and pulled the curtains apart. There was a window covered by a huge bar. It was raining outside. I tried to lift up the window but it wouldn't budge. "Fuck!" I yelled. "What are you doing, Ginger?" Asked a voice. I already knew it was him. I thought he had to go somewhere. "I.....I...I'm not doing anything." I said slowly turning.

"Interesting." He said as he slowly walked towards me. "I swear." I said slowly backing away. "Come here, Ginger." He said as he stopped walking. A small smile was on his face. And that smile scared me. "You do realize that you're only making it bad for yourself by not doing what I say, right?" I didn't answer. Without warning, he walked to me and pressed me against the wall. "Just a small preview of tonight." He whispered in my ear. He grabbed my hand and made me feel his erection in his pants. My whole body was shaking with fear. He pressed his lips against mine. His hands squeezed my breast while he continued to kiss me. It was hard to breathe as his tongue continued to explore my mouth. I started pushing him. He stepped back slightly. "You are so perfect." he breathed. I bit my lip and looked down at the floor.

"We'll be having lunch soon, and I want you to look sexy when it comes." He went to the dark wooden drawer and pulled out what looked like a dress and set it on the bed. "If you refuse to come down at exactly twelve fifteenth, I'll come up here, make you eat the fucking dress and you'll be wearing nothing. Got it?" I nodded. He smiled and then left, closing the door after him. I looked around and found an alarm clock. The big red letters said eleven fifty five. I could use some of my time to try to escape. I went back to the window and tried to lift it up. No use. Fuck! I sighed and leaned against the wall. I hated this fucking place. I just stood there thinking and didn't notice that the time said twelve twenty. The door opened and Shane looked angry. "You see what that time says?" He asked. I looked at him speechless. He walked over and knocked the alarm clock on the floor. He walked to me and punched a hole in the wall inches from my face. I flinched.

"If you don't put on that fucking outfit, I'm going to shove down your throat. Is that clear?" I didn't answer. I just looked at him too shaken up to talk. "Is that clear, Ginger?" He asked again. I nodded. He turned around and slammed the door as he walked out of the room. I slowly walked over and grabbed the fabric in my hands. It was a short black strapless dress. I don't normally reveal so much skin. I took off my clothes and grabbed the short dress and placed it on my body. It barely covered my ass. I sighed and looked into the long mirror that was in the corner of the room. I looked like a slut. Maybe that was the point. I opened the door and Shane was standing against the wall looking at me. If he wouldn't have kidnapped me, I would have fallen in love with him the second I saw him. He smiled when he saw my appearance.

"Come here, Ginger." He said softly. I slowly obeyed him. His hand slid up in between my legs and his finger slid back and forth against my panties. "One error." He said. I looked at him questioningly. "No panties. Take them off." He said. I looked down to the floor. Was he serious? I slowly turned to the room. He grabbed my arm tightly. "In front of me." He breathed. Tears were coming to my eyes as I turned back to him. "You know what, I'll do it myself." He said. He got on his knees and lifted my dress. He grabbed the hem line of my panties and slowly pulled them down while looking up into my eyes. They fell down to my feet and he slid his finger against my folds. I whimpered a little. It was out of defeat. He was going to do what he wanted and I couldn't stop him. He smiled up at me and got up. He pulled my dress down. "I should fuck you right now." He whispered pressing me against the door of my room. My breathing became heavy. "B-But what a-about lunch?" I asked. He shook his head. "Fuck lunch. We can eat when we're done." He said.

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"Please. I'm hungry." I begged. And it wasn't a lie. He smiled. "And?" I had to stop him. "Please. Can we just eat?" I asked. He sighed and then backed away from me. "Go downstairs." He said. I nodded and slowly walked down the hall. I walked down a pair of spiral stairs and he led me to the dining room. It was a huge room with two tables. At one table was guys and at the other tables were the girls. I recognized Honey at the table with the guys. She smiled at me and I smiled back at her. "Sit down." He said pointing to a seat. I sat down and he sat beside me. Everyone was talking. "Everybody, this is my new pet, Ginger." Shane announced. The guys all looked at me with wide grins on their faces. It was an awkward moment so I just looked down.

Lunch was good. I didn't talk at all but everyone else was talking. I suddenly felt a hand on my thigh. I looked down to see Shane's hand slipping between my legs. I stayed where I was scared to move. After a few minutes, he told Honey to get me a pair of heels. I followed her into a closet that was in the livingroom. She opened the door and I followed her in. "So....has he attempted to deflower you yet?" She asked. I nodded remembering that encounter we had upstairs. "Yeah and he was touching me under the table at lunch." She looked back at me. "Really? He's never done that to me or any of the other girls. He must really think you're special." That didn't make me so happy. She grabbed a crate that was full of heels. "What size are you?" she asked. "Four." I responded. She grabbed a pair of gold heels and gave them to me. I placed them on my feet. I wasn't good in heels. I hardly ever wore them. I only wore them to my mother's funeral. "Honey?" I asked. She raised her eyebrows. "Is it going to hurt? When he....."

"Only in the beginning. But knowing Shane, it might hurt all the way through." She said with sadness in her voice. I bit my lip holding back the tears that threatened to come out.

"Well...I hate to get in your business and all but when you and him.....you know. Does it hurt you?" She thought for a second. "No. He likes to be rough and it use to hurt me but not anymore. Just do everything he says. But don't fight him. Even if he asks you to, don't he'll take too much joy in that and just continue to fuck you over and over again and I'm sure you don't want that." I shook my head.

"Just relax. You'll be fine. I promise." She said. I nodded. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tightly. At least I had one friend here.

When it was ten o'clock at night, I was sitting in my bed reading some books I found. The door opened and Shane walked in. "Come on." He said holding out his hand. I slowly placed my hand in his and got up. He led me back to the bedroom I woke up in. He closed the door and locked it. I was so nervous. Shane turned to me and smiled. "Just relax, Ginger. I won't hurt you." He whispered. He took his jacket off and threw it on the floor. I didn't know what to do so I just stood there. He walked to me and got down on his knees. He grabbed my leg and took my gold heel off of my right foot. Then did the same with my left. His hands slowly slid up my left leg and he pulled the dress up. He stood up and pulled it over my head. I cover myself the best way I could with my hands. He removed my hands from my body and his eyes trailed up and down my body. He smiled and looked into my eyes. "You're special from the other girls." He said.

I bit my lip. "Go lay down on the bed." He said softly. I slowly obeyed. I laid onto the pillows and looked at him. I wonder if he noticed the tears slowly rolling down my cheeks. I watched him as he slowly undressed. Once I saw his cock, my eyes widened. It was huge. Was it even going to fit? He smiled at my reaction and then turned and flicked the light off. The only light there was, was a small lamp that was on the night stand. Shane climbed onto the bed and I felt his body climb on top of mine. That's when the fear filled my body again. My silent crying became audible. "Shh, Ginger, it's okay." He whispered in my ear.

"It's going to hurt." I cried. My body was still shaking. "I'll try to be gentle." He said. I shook my head. "No. I'm a virgin." I finally admitted. He was quiet for a long moment. I couldn't clearly see his face but I hope he wasn't angry. I suddenly felt a stinging pain 'down there'. I cried out in pain. "You lied to me?" He asked. "I'm

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sorry." I whispered.

"You don't ever lie to me. You understand?" He asked. I nodded. But then realized he probably couldn't see it. "Yes." I said. He placed his lips on mine and moaned as I felt him slowly entering me. My body tensed up and my hands clutched the covers. His tongue fought with mine. There was no where to go. Nothing to do. I just have to lay here. When he pushed in a little deeper, I felt something tearing. I dug my nails into his back and bit my lip to hold in my cries. I couldn't hold them in for long. "It's okay." He whispered. When he pushed in all the way, I felt a violent pain ripping through my body. "Shane." I cried trying to push him off me. But I remembered what Honey said.

I stopped pushing him. He stayed inside of me. Not moving almost as if he was waiting. The pain was slowly ceasing. Without warning, he pulled out and pushed back in going in deep and the pain got worst. I didn't care if he wanted me to fight or not. I started pushing him off of me. "Get off!" I yelled. He held my wrists down to the bed and began to push in and out fast. I let out a whimper of pain everytime he pushed in. His moans of pleasure and my cries of pain filled the room. It felt like everything was being taken from me. Everything. "Stop crying. You like it." Shane growled in my ear.

"Fuck you!" I yelled at him. "You are." He moaned. His thrusting became faster and rougher. "Get off of me!" I cried. He leaned down so that our faces were barely an inch apart. "If you don't want to get fucked in your ass, I suggest you shut the fuck up." He held himself up by his arms as he bit and tugged on my bottom lip. I felt weak and powerless. So I had no choice but to give in and let him do what he wanted.

I felt him do one hard thrust that caused me to scream in pain. He kept me pinned on the bed as he groaned my name repeatedly. I tried to push him off but he laid his head on my chest and I was unable to move. He stayed inside of me.

At this moment, I felt disgusting. I just felt dirty, powerless, guilty. I could have fought harder. His head was laying against my breast. I wanted to kill him. I want him dead.

I closed my eyes slowly and then when I opened them, it was daytime outside. I hate when that happens.

Shane was no longer on me. I sat up and heard the shower running in the bathroom. Maybe this was my chance to escape. I threw the covers off of me and looked down in between my legs. There was blood there and tears immediately swelled up in my eyes as the events of what happened last night came into my mind. The shower water suddenly shut off. I quickly got up and went for the door. "What are you doing?" Shane asked as my hand was on the door knob. I slowly turned to see his entire body wet from water and there was a towel around his waist. "Nothing." I answered.

"Come here." He whispered. I hesitated slightly but slowly obeyed. His hand slowly trailed down my body and went in between my legs. "Are you sore?" He asked. Extremely. "Yes." I admitted. He smiled. "Go take a shower. I'll get you some clothes and I want you downstairs in twenty minutes. Is that clear?" I nodded. His index finger touched my lips lightly. "Last night was amazing." He whispered. I didn't respond. I wanted last night to become a forgotten memory.

I got in the shower washing every part of me numerous of times. I still felt dirty though. I can't even believe that happened last night. When I got out of the shower, Shane was no where to be found but there was a red outfit and red heels on the bed. The sheets were gone. I guess that Shane noticed the blood. I dried off my hair and my body and threw the towel on the bed. There were a pair of small red panties. A red bra and a black see through robe that stopped an inch below my ass. I placed the outfit on and looked into the mirror. I look like a fucking stripper. A stripper who was no longer a virgin. I went into the bathroom and found a blow dryer. I blow dried my hair and looked at the time. Eighteen minutes went by. I sighed and slowly opened the door. I

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heard laughing downstairs. Prepare to be embarrassed. I walked down the hall and down the stairs.

When I got into the kitchen, the girls who were half naked stared at me. I had a feeling I wasn't liked very much. "Why is everybody so quiet?" asked Honey as she walked into the room. She was wearing exactly what I was but hers was light blue and black. She grabbed my hand and led me out of the kitchen. "So how did last night go?" She asked. Did she really want to know? It was a painful memory and it was the last thing I wanted to think about. She looked at me and then quickly looked away. "I thought so." She said. I sighed as she brought me into the livingroom where all the guys were. Shane's eyes then went to mine. "Ginger, baby, come here." He said. The guys looked at me with grins and once again it was awkward. I slowly walked over towards the couch where Shane was sitting. I stopped in front of him. "Sit on my lap." He said. I took a glance at all the other guys that were looking at me. "O-Okay." I whispered. I turned and sat down on his lap. He was hard. I could feel it. His hands roamed over my back and to my hips and to my thighs. I couldn't relax and enjoy it nor did I want to. His hands went to my shoulders and he slid the robe off.

"Stop it." I said. He didn't listen. I didn't show my fear. "She's very pretty." Said a man. He was sitting in a chair that was in the corner. He had a cigarette in his mouth and was staring at me out of fascination. "I want to have her for a night. How much?" I had no idea if he was talking to me or Shane. "She's worth alot more than the others, James." He nodded once. "Ten thousand." Shane said. I quickly got off of him. "I'm not your fucking prostitute!" I yelled at Shane. Anger was in his eyes. That's when I knew something bad was about to happen

Chapter 4: Can't Escape

Author's Note: Sorry this was so short. I was in a rush. I might update again tonight.

Chapter 4:Can't Escape

Shane's eyes stared into mine. I knew that I was in trouble. He let out a deep breath. "Ginger, go into my room and wait there for me." He said. His tone was irritated. He looked away from me and sighed. "Now." He was looking at the men in the room but I knew the word was directed towards me. I slowly turned and walked upstairs. I became really nervous as I went to the end of the hall and opened the door to his room. I slowly walked in and closed the door. I was scared out of my mind. Butterflies were in my stomach. I took deep breaths. But panic started rising as I heard heavy footsteps approach the door. Goosebumps appeared on my skin as the door slowly opened. Shane walked in and slammed the door shut. His face was unreadable as he looked at me.

"I'm sorry that-" He shook his head. "Don't talk. It's just going to piss me off more." I kept my mouth shut. He turned and locked the door and then looked back at me as he blocked my only exit. "Shane. Please. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say it. Please...don't." I begged. He had a small smirk on his face. I don't know if it was good or bad. "See, the thing is, not only did you yell at me. But you yelled at me in front of my friends. And I find that very, very bad." There was a knock at the door. Finally, saved by the bell.

Shane sighed in an irritated way and unlocked the door. He forced it open and looked at someone. I moved to see who it was and noticed how the girl had hair the color of honey so I knew it was her. "What do you want, Honey?" He asked.

"Can I talk to you?" She asked. "No. I'm busy." He responded and slammed the door in her face and locked the door back. He turned back to me and once again had a smirk on his face. "Ginger, not only does this house have pleasure, it also has pain."

"I already knew that. I haven't felt anything but pain since I got here." I meant to only think that. I wasn't suppose to say it out loud. Shane tilted his head to the side and stared at me out of fascination. "You know, I should bring my friend, James in here and we should both fuck the shit out of you to teach you a lesson." I didn't say another word. I was still sore from last night.

Shane's eyes slowly trailed down my body and that's when I remembered I was more than half naked. His smirk turned into a grin. "I would love to give you pleasure right now but.....you pissed me off so perhaps I should punish you." I shook my head and whispered. "No."

He nodded his head and whispered. "Yes. Come here, Ginger."

"My fucking name isn't Ginger!" I yelled. I didn't care what he did anymore. It was irritating being here. Shane fucking irritated me. He may be the best looking guy I've ever seen but he's a fucking prick and I hate him. He took my virginity and against my will.

He walked over to me. "What did you say?" He asked. His tone showed that he was frustrated. "I said that my name isn't Ginger." Shane's face was inches from mine. He was so close that if I made one move, our lips would brush against eachother. He placed his hand on my arm and squeezed. A whimper of pain escaped my mouth as he gripped my arm tightly and dug his nails in it.

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"It's going to get much worse, Ginger." I looked at him with an apologetic look in my eyes and he just leaned down to kiss me. His body pressed mine into the wall with a hard force. I tried to push him off but he placed my wrist on the wall above my head. My body was trembling with fear. I kept my cries silent as he continued to violate my mouth.

His hands let my wrist go and went to the button on his pants. My eyes grew wide because I knew what's about to happen. He pulled away from the kiss for a second and smiled at me. "You're lucky I'm hard and just want to fuck you. Later, you will receive your punishment." He breathed as he pulled down his pants and his boxers. He grabbed my red panties and forced them down extremely fast. Then his eyes went back to mine. His lips closed over mine again and I felt his hardness against my stomach. No. I can't let this happen again. With as much strength as possible, I pushed him. It had very little effect. He smiled. "Are you going to fight it?" He asked. I didn't answer. "You know fighting it isn't going to do anything but turn me on more. So fight as much as you want." I looked around the room for a weapon. Any weapon. There was the blow dryer but that was in the bathroom. I gathered enough spit in my mouth and spit in his face. Then I pushed him and headed for the door. "You bitch!" He shouted as I forced the door open and ran down the stairs. The girls were looking at me as I ran down the stairs. They looked confused. I pulled my panties back up. "Where's the door?!" I asked. Honey grabbed my hand and led me down a narrow hallway. I heard footsteps behind us and thought the guys were going to catch us. I turned back and saw other girls following us. Relief washed over me. I turned back as Honey brought me to a door. She grabbed a bobby pin out of her brunette hair and placed it in the lock. "Come on. Come on."

The girls behind us kept saying. They kept looking back to make sure no one was coming. Seconds before the lock was about to turn, a group full of guys ran to us and some of them grabbed the girls by their hair and pulled them back towards the livingroom. Shane was the only one left. Well him and James. Shane glared at me. "James, get Honey and do with her what you please." I grew fearful. "No. Don't do anything to her." I begged. "Shut the fuck up." Shane said angrily. James smiled at Honey and she looked away. "Come on." He grabbed her hand and forced her away. "Honey!" I cried. She looked back at me with tears in her eyes. I tried to go after her but Shane pushed me back against the door. "I'm going to show you what happens to girls who tries to escape." He said as he grabbed my wrist tightly. He led me down the hall. I was more than scared of what I was about to witness.

Chapter 5: Bad Things

Chapter 5: Bad Things

Shane led me out of the hallway and into the kitchen. He then, took me to a door I've never noticed before. He opened it and took me downstairs. It was a basement. His hands went through my hair and pulled me into the small room. Everything was dark but I heard whimpering. The lights suddenly cut on and what I saw was just.....brutal. Three girls that looked hungry, dirty and bloody were tied to a bed with a piece of cloth tied over their mouths. I placed my hand over my mouth. I looked over and two girls were on their knees with their hands turned behind their backs. Their mouths had also had cloths tied over it. I turned to Shane. "Why are you doing this to them?" I cried. A small smile appeared on his face. "Punishment, Ginger." He looked pass me and I turned around to see a guy with a gun in his hands. I looked back at Shane with a pleading expression on my face. "Don't." I begged. Shane smiled and nodded once to the guy. "No!" I yelled stepping in front of the girls. I don't know why I was protecting them. I guess I felt sorry for them.

"Move aside before you become the target." The man with the gun in his hand said. "And if she becomes the target, you and your fucking family will become the target." Shane said. The man sighed and walked over to me. He pushed me towards Shane and Shane grabbed both of my arms and made me watch. "One of the girls was crying so loudly and slobbering. Even snot was coming out of her nose. I felt bad for her. "I actually liked, Cherry. She gave good blow jobs." Shane commented. He disgusted me. The man pointed the gun to her forehead and Cherry cried louder and closed her eyes. Her muffled screams sounded like she was saying 'please don't' and 'I'm sorry'. The man suddenly took the gun away.

I let out a sigh of relief. He untied the cloth from her mouth and threw it on the floor. She stopped crying and looked at him confused. Mascara was running down her cheeks along with her tears. "Open your mouth, beautiful." He whispered. She began to cry again. "If you don't open your fucking mouth, I'm going to shoot you in a place you definitely don't want to get shot it." He aimed the gun towards her crotch. Oh fuck. She slowly opened her mouth and he placed the gun in and immediatley pulled the trigger. The other girls screamed and cried as Cherry's body dropped to the floor as blood poured out of her head and splattered on the wall. Her eyes were wide open staring at the floor. My stomach immediatley felt queasy at the sight of her blood. I dropped to the floor and began to feel it come up. I threw up onto the floor. I wasn't able to hold it in.

"Can't handle it?" Shane asked. I laid my head on the floor. I suddenly felt dizzy. I can't believe what I just saw.

"You got one more to see, Ginger." Shane said. He picked me up from the floor and held me still.

The man with the gun looked at the next girl hungrily. "What's her name?" He asked. She had black hair which was tangled. Her eyes were red from crying so much. Her skin was pale and she had a lip piercing. "I named her Devil." Shane said. "How is she in bed?" The man asked eyeing her like she was a drink of water on a hot day. "I'll give her a six and a half. I've had better." He said as he kissed my temple. I turned away from him. "She's fucking hot." He said circling around behind her. I guess looking at her ass. "Does she do anal?"

"Yeah. But I had to cover her mouth during the whole thing because she was screaming the whole time." Shane replied. The man circled back to in front of her. "I want to fuck her before I.....you know."

"Okay," Shane answered. "Just call me in when you're about to kill her, Ginger needs to learn what happens when girl try to escape." The man nodded once as he unchained the girl. The girl 'Devil' tried to push him away from her but he forced himself on top of her and started unbuttoning his pants. "No!" She cried.

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"You want to watch?" Shane asked. I pulled myself away from him and walked upstairs angrily. I felt him following me. He grabbed my arm and brought upstairs and into his room. I sat on his bed and wiped away the tears that slowly rolled down tickling my face.

"So, you see, Ginger. That's what happens. You either get killed or raped or both. And unfortunately, Devil is going to get both. "But you and Honey are somewhat safe. Because you two seem to have the best pussy in this house." I closed my eyes. I felt his hands rubbing my thigh and slipping between my legs. I moved his hand off of me. I suddenly felt his fist against my nose. I fell back onto the bed holding my nose. I already knew it was bleeding my eyes stayed closed. I suddenly felt my panties sliding down my legs. I began kicking him as hard as possible. But he grabbed my legs and forced them apart. "Don't!" I screamed. I sat up trying to push him away. He positioned himself in between my legs and made me lay back down. "Get the fuck off me!" I yelled. He placed his hand over my mouth as he entered me. I was still sore so the feeling was unbearable.

My heart pounded loudly in fear. I just went to a completely different place in my head. I closed my eyes tightly and imagined myself back at home in my bed talking to my mother. I remember when she let me stay up late every thursday night. She figured it was okay since it was basically the last night before the weekend. We would talk about any and everything. We'd laugh. We'd fight but it was only because we loved eachother so much. Her laugh is what I miss the most of her. I clutched the sheets in my hand as he leaned down and kissed my lips as he pushed in and out of me. Every thrust harder and more painful than the last. I have to go back to where I was. The happy moments. I have to go there at least until he's done.

When my mom and dad got married. I was nine I believe. I remember that being the best day of my life. I remember everything about that day. The wide grin that was on my dad's face. The way he looked at her like no one could replace her. But that's now ironic because he just did replace her.

Shane moaned loudly and I felt a hot liquid inside of me and that snapped me back to reality. I opened my eyes and his face was inches from mine. He was breathing hard against my face. "You're fucking amazing, Ginger." He breathed. Could be a compliment but not in this case. I began to push him off of me. He stayed where he was for a couple of seconds and then got off of me. He laid beside me on the bed still breathing hard staring up at the ceiling with a small smile on his face. I wish I had a knife in my hand so I could stab him in the throat. He got up and pulled his pants back up. "It's almost time for lunch. Take a shower and then come downstairs. When you get out the shower, your clothes will be on the bed. Oh and I suggest you take these pills." He placed them on the bed beside me. His eyes roamed over my body one last time before he walked out of the room.

I slowly got up and went to the bathroom. I looked into the mirror and saw that some of the blood dried up. I turned on the water to the shower and got in. It helped me a little bit. Only a little bit. When I got out of the shower, on the bed was a white bra and panty set with a white strapless see through dress. It was very short. And beside the slutty outfit, was a pair of white heels. I placed the outfit on and looked into the mirror. The only problem was the depressed look on my face. I grabbed a comb from the bathroom and combed my hair repeatedly until it looked decent. I went through the drawers and found a brand new tooth brush. Fuck it. He's making me stay here, I'm going to use whatever I want. I brushed my teeth and placed the toothbrush into the container with the rest.

With the way Shane was, I'm pretty sure he has to have some kind of weapon around. Anything. I looked at the time, twelve thirty.

I'll search for something later. I went back into the bedroom and looked at the pasch colored pills. What kind of pills were they anyway? I grabbed them. There was two of them and I just placed them in my mouth and swallowed them. Huge mistake. I should have gotten water. Too late now. I walked out of the room and

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downstairs into the kitchen. Shane was in the kitchen kissing some girl. It looked like she wanted it too. She was against the counter gripping his hair in her fingers. His body was pressed against hers. I wonder when they will notice my presence. I cleared my throat and Shane slowly turned around and looked at me. A small smile appeared on his lips.

He turned back to the girl who was smiling flirtaciously. "Cookie, go to your boss." she nodded and walked past him out of the room. He looked at her ass as she walked off and then turned to me. I didn't know what my expression read but he smiled. "See? Why can't you act like that whenever I'm fucking or kissing you? Why can't you at least pretend like you want it?" He asked.

"Because I don't. I want to leave." I said. Shane walked over to me. He then pressed me against the counter. "Why would you want to leave when you got me?" Does he not understand that I don't want to be here? Unbelievable. "I don't want you. I want to go home." I demanded.

"Do you want me to embarrass you in front of everyone?" He asked. I shook my head. "Then get in that room and act respectful and if you don't....." He cupped my pussy with his hand. "I will embarrass you in front of everyone. And you'll be sorry." I heard the threat in his voice. And it honestly scared me. "Get in there." He said. I let out a long sigh and walked into the dining room. The guys were once again at the big table talking and laughing. The girls were at the other table not really laughing. Just talking. I didn't see Honey anywhere. But James was sitting at the table with the guys. And he kept his eyes on me.

What did he want from me? Oh wait, I already know. "Sit." Shane said. I sat in an open seat and he sat next to me. I stared at James as he stared back at me. He stared at me out of fascination and I stared at him out of anger. I had to say something. "Where is Honey?" I asked loud enough for everyone to hear. Everyone stopped talking and looked at me.

James left my glare and looked somewhere else. "What did you do to her?" I asked. James slowly looked back at me. This time he had a small smirk on his face. "You really want to know?" He asked. Shane grabbed my hand and squeezed it extremely tight.

"It's none of your business." Shane said. But I ignored his comment. "Yes. I want to know." James smiled and then looked at Shane. "Can I show her?" I looked at Shane measuring his expression. He looked at me and he was clearly angry. But he nodded once. James got up and gestured for me to follow him. I scooted my chair back and followed him as he led me upstairs. We were in the long hallway when he stopped and suddenly pushed me against the wall. "You're so fucking nosy." He said angrily.

"Get off of me!" I screamed. He covered my mouth with his hand. "Shh. I'm not going to let you see that fucking bitch unless you do one thing for me." He whispered. I shook my head. "You have to suck my cock first." I never knew how to do that nor have I wanted to know how. I shook my head again. "Or.....I can just make you suck my cock and not take you to see the bitch at all." I began to cry. Why was he doing this to me? I had to see Honey. She's the only person in here that meant something to me. "Okay." I said under his hand. He took his hand away and unbuttoned his pants. "Get on your knees." He said. We were going to do it right here in the hallway? I slowly got down onto my knees and looked up at him. He smiled down at me and pulled down his pants. And then his boxers. His wasn't as big as Shane's but he was a pretty big size. "Wait." He said. He turned so that he was against the wall and I turned so that I was facing him again. I grabbed him member into my hand and stroked back and forth. I was embarrassed especially because I hardly knew what I was doing. I had a nervous feeling in my stomach. I slowly open my mouth and closed my eyes as I placed it in my mouth. The taste wasn't extremely disgusting but neither was it good.

He shoved it deeper in my mouth hitting my gag reflex. I immediately took it out of my mouth and coughed loudly. He grabbed my hair and shoved his dick back in my mouth. He shoved it in and out repeatedly. Tons

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of slob escaped out of my mouth. He groaned and tilted his head back against the wall and closed his eyes. I felt like I was choking. "Keep going." He moaned digging his nails into my scalp. I wanted to scream in pain but I stopped myself and continued to do what he wanted.

His moaning then got louder and I felt something warm shoot inside of my mouth. I immediately spit it out onto the floor. And coughed up some more. My eyes got watery and I spit more out onto the floor.

When I got as much of his.....cum out of my mouth, I got up and looked at him. "I hope you know that you're going to clean that up later." I slowly nodded and got back up to my feet. "Go clean yourself up and I'll take you to see that slut." I turned and went into Shane's room and into the bathroom. I cleaned my face and brushed my teeth again. When my mouth was cleaned out, I went back out into the hallway where James was adjusting the button to his pants. He looked at me and smiled. "Was that your first time doing that?" He asked. I nodded. "Good job." He said and then led me down the hall. I was disgusted with myself for what I've just done. It was sick and so was he.

He led me to the end of the hall and to a pale white door. He took a key out of his pocket and placed it in the door. He turned the knob and the door opened. It was dark and he flicked on the light. Honey was tied to a bed sleeping. She was completely naked. There was a few bottles of alcohol by the bed. "What did you do to her?" I asked. He just smiled and leaned against the door. "Can I have some time alone with her?" I asked. James closed the door and I heard him lock it. I turned and got on my knees beside Honey. I grabbed her face in my hands. She was burning up. She had a fever. "Honey?" I asked. Her eyes slowly opened. "Ginger?" She whispered. I untied her hands and her legs. "It's okay." I said. There was a small sink in the corner and I grabbed a sheet off the bed and wet it with the water and started to wipe all the dirt off of her body. I didn't feel uncomfortable about it either. It was as if I've been doing this for years. I washed the dried up blood from her face. I took off my bra and panties and placed them on her. They were better than nothing. I just wore the see through dress now. And at this moment, I didn't even care. I wrapped the comforter around her body and stroked her hair back and forth. "Thank you." She whispered. I nodded. She slowly closed her eyes and drifted back to sleep.

I knew she felt horrible. Emotionally and physically. And I thought I was going through a lot. The door opened and I turned to see Shane. He had a cigarette in his mouth. He leaned against the wall looking at Honey. "She's sick. You should give her a break." I said to him.

"I'm not the one fucking her." He replied.

"Why do you have to act so fucking careless all the time?" I asked. He came over to me and grabbed my arm. He took the cigarette and placed it against my arm. I felt the burning feeling and screamed. "Ahhh!" I cried. He threw the cigarette down and stepped on it and then looked at me. He placed his hand over the burn on my arm. "Please stop." I cried. "You might want to think twice before you ever fucking talk to me like that again." I nodded. He pulled me out of the room and closed the door behind him. He stopped and looked down at the floor where I spit out James's cum. "What is that?" He asked. I was a horrible liar.

"Um. I-I don't know." He looked at me with fierceness in his eyes. "Did you throw up?" He asked. I nodded slowly. "Why is it white?" He asked. I couldn't answer. Realization appeared on his face. "You sucked his cock didn't you?"

"He made me. I'm so sorry." I said. He pushed me against the wall and it made my head hurt. I started to feel dizzy. "You go wait in my room. I'll deal with you later." He let go of me and stomped downstairs. That was the thing that scared me the most about Shane. I never know what he was going to do.

Chapter 6: Paradise

Author's Note: I have character pictures up for Stolen and used. If you're interested, you should check them out.

Chapter 6: Paradise

Shane's footsteps stomped into the kitchen and I went to lean over the railing of the stairs to listen. I heard him start to shout. "I told you how much it would be if you wanted her. I told you that you don't do anything to her for free you fucking prick!" I heard him yell. I heard James voice but couldn't understand his words clearly. There was suddenly a small silence and then I heard some glass break. There were the screams of girls downstairs. I wanted to go down there to see what was going on but I stayed up here where it was safe. More glass broke and violent screams escaped a man's mouth. I couldn't tell if it was Shane or James. I heard the girls downstairs break down into cries. What the hell happened? I heard a loud bang and footsteps walking near the stairs. I was afraid of who it was so I went into Shane's room and closed the door and sat on the bed.

The door opened and Shane walked in and closed the door. There was blood on his hands. "What did you do?!" I asked. He looked down at his hands and back to me. He walked to me and leaned down so that our faces were inches from each other.

"I just want you to know that if you're ever sucking the cock of someone that isn't me, you'll be down stairs in the basement with a gun in your fucking mouth. You got it?" I nodded. He nodded once and then turned to go to the bathroom and he slammed the door behind him. Did he kill James? I think so. And believe it or not, that made me even more scared of him.

A couple of days past and surprisingly, Shane ignored me. He told me I can start sleeping in my room. And I was happy because of that. It was around three o'clock and I was laying in my bed. My door open and I was fearful that it was Shane at first. But when I saw that it was Honey, I immediately smiled. She closed the door and sat on my bed with me. "Whatcha doing?" She asked. "Nothing." I replied. I stared into her eyes and made sure not to look anywhere else. She had a lot of bruises over her skin. Her good mood vanished. "I'm going to try to escape." She said. My good mood vanished. I thought back to that girl that was dead in the basement. The girl that Shane made me watch get killed. "No. They will kill you." I said. She nodded and closed her eyes for a second. "I know. But I can't stay here any longer. And I'll be damned if I'm going to leave you here. I need you to come with me." She said. I wanted me and Honey to leave this house more than anything but our chances of actually escaping were very low.

But I didn't care. I wanted to leave this house. More than anything. "Honey, do you understand that we have to come up with the most flawless plan ever?" I asked. A small smile appeared on her lips and she nodded. She climbed into bed next to me and we both stared up at the ceiling.

"It has to be beyond flawless." She said. I nodded. "We can't let anyone else know. Not one girl. No one." I said.

"Yes. But I have something I am going to need you to do." She said. I looked over to her and she looked uneasy for a second. Her eyes slowly matched mine. "I need you to start pretending that you like it when Shane does things to you."

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"WHAT?!" I asked sitting up. "Shh." She whispered sitting up with me. "Just so he doesn't become suspicious." She had a good point but pretending to be attracted to a man that takes joy in rape and murder wasn't going to be easy. "Okay." I said indifferently. We both laid back on the bed. "Do you have a deadline to be out of here?" I asked.

Honey was quiet for a second. "I say about one week from now. You just have to make sure that Shane doesn't suspect anything. Make him think that you actually want him and I'll take care of everything else." She said. I nodded and looked back up at the ceiling.

Around six o'clock, I woke up not even realizing that I fell asleep. I looked over and Honey was sleeping beside me. I covered her up with my cover and then went to the bathroom. I grabbed a pad that was hidden in the bathroom cabinet and I put it on. I wasn't really a tampon kind of girl. I washed my hands and turned the light off as I opened the door. Shane was in the hallway leaning against the wall looking at me. I already knew what he wanted. He gestured for me to follow him and I did. We went upstairs to his room and he opened and then shut it as we both walked in. I tried to remember what Honey said. She told me to pretend to want it. Problem is, I'm on my period.

"I haven't had you in a week. I can't stand it anymore." He said walking towards me. I placed my hand on his chest. "I'm on my period." I said. He shrugged. "So?" Was he serious? Having sex while being on your period is just.....gross.

"So, we can't do anything." I said. "Yes we can." He said sliding his jacket off. I tried to be someone else. Anyone else besides myself. I tried to turn myself into this seductive girl that enjoys it when guys have their way with her. I unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off his shoulders and pressed my lips against his. He pulled my body close to his and kissed me hungrily. I fell back onto the bed and he basically leaped on top of me and pressed his lips against mine again while running his hands over my body. He broke the kiss for a second. "Why aren't you fighting it?" He asked. I didn't answer. I just stayed silent as he looked down at me. His eyebrows pulled together. Both of his hands went to my throat and he squeezed cutting my air off. "What are you planning?" He asked. Anger was in his tone. Guess he was smarter than me and Honey gave him credit for. "Answer me." He growled. "Nothing.....I swear." I whispered.

He slowly took his hands away and placed them on the bed on both sides of my head to hold up his body. "If you and Honey dare tries to escape....." I shook my head before he even said the word 'dare'.

"We're not, Shane. I swear that we won't. I learned my lesson. I...just need you to touch me." I said. His expression became softer but he didn't smile at my sudden longing for him. He just leaned down and kissed me again. His kisses rougher than before almost as if he was testing me.

I felt his erection against my stomach and I tried not to shy away from it. I would have broke my cover. There was a sudden knock at the door. Shane pulled away from me. "Go away! I'm busy." And then started to kiss my neck. Someone banged hard on the door. And then an unfamiliar voice came from the other side of it. Whoever it was, it was a man speaking in a different language. Whatever he said must have made Shane shocked because he was up at the door in a millisecond. I sat up looking as he opened the door. He didn't open it all the way. As the man talked to him, I turned my attention to the room and looked out the window to the sun. I got up and looked outside. Been a while since I've been out there. I looked down to a dark car outside. I bit my lip and went back to the bed. Shane has no kind of weapons in here? Not one?

Shane began speaking in a different language that I never heard but sounded sexy. What the hell am I thinking? I have to leave. I have to get out of here. Shane closed the door and I looked into his eyes as he got back on the bed with me. "Nothing to worry about." He said. It sounded like he was trying to convince himself more than me. "What happened?" I asked. He shook his head and forced me down on the bed. His

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touches much rougher and aggressive as if he was trying to get his anger out on me. His lips touched mine and I felt his hands lift up my shirt. I sighed knowing this process coming up was about to be painful. His hands slid my panties down to my ankles and he placed himself in between my legs. His jeans against my 'area' was uncomfortable but I didn't say a word about it. As if he was reading my mind, He began to unbutton his pants and pulled them down as far as he can without getting off of me. He wasn't wearing any boxers at all. I wonder why. His cock was my entrance. "But.....blood would get on your bed." I said. He just smiled. "Maybe that's what I want." He said. He was sick.

I didn't have time to think before he buried himself inside of me. I tensed up and tried to hold back my tears of pain and anger. He stared into my eyes as he constantly almost rhythmically pushed in and out of me. I didn't want to look him in the eye as he did this to me but for some reason, I couldn't tear my gaze from his. "Do you love me?" He asked. Remember what Honey said. Remember what Honey said.

"Yes, I do." I leaned up and kissed him as hard as possible. I dug my fingers in to his back. And he might think it was out of pleasure, but it was out of hate. If I was pretending to like this, perhaps I should make sounds. As me and his body rocked back and forth on the bed, I let out small moans and that made him go faster. Good. The faster he goes, the faster he'll be done.

Soon, the bed was constantly banging against the wall every time he pushed. I made more sounds to make it seem like I liked what he was doing. He seemed pretty convinced. My heartbeat got faster. His loud moans told me he was close. We both moaned in Unison although only one of us felt the actual pleasure.

I suddenly felt him do one hard push and I felt the warm liquid inside of me. He cried out my name and collapsed on top of me breathing hard. I didn't move not one inch. I closed my eyes. Mentally, I repeatedly banged his head against the wall until he had no more blood left in his skull.

"Ginger." He said my name softly. "Yeah?" I asked. He looked at me and turned his gaze away. "I'm glad you're here." He responded as he laid on my chest. That makes one of us.

He soon got off of me and I sat up and saw blood on the sheets. Shane didn't look bothered by it. I got up as he grabbed the sheet off the bed and opened the door, then threw them into the hall floor. "The maid will come for them." He said and then slowly turned to me. "See? I told you that you'll start enjoying it soon." I threw him a fake smile.

"Shower." He answered. I nodded and got in with him. When we got out, Honey was in our room. "What do you want?" Shane asked pulling me close to him.

"I want to talk to Ginger.....alone." Shane let go of me and stood in front of Honey. "Well I'm busy with her right now. You'll talk to her later."

Honey glanced at me once before turning and walking out. "What does she want to talk to you about?" He asked glaring into my eyes. I shrugged. He grabbed my arm and squeezed tightly. "If you girls are planning something....." The anger in his eyes finished his sentence.

"I swear to you that we're not trying anything." He let go of my arm and grabbed me some clothing. And threw a tampon on the bed. "What is that?" I asked.

He had a small smirk on his face. "A teenager that doesn't know what a tampon is? That's a first." He snickered. I rolled my eyes.

"No. I mean why is it here? I don't wear Tampons. I wear pads."

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"Well the outfit I have prepared for you would not look right with a pad."

"Well that's what I wear so I'm wearing them." I said. He forced the door open and went out in the hall for a second. At least a minute and a half later, he appeared back in the room with a box of pads. He opened the window and threw them out. "No!" I shouted running to the window. I looked out to see the box three stories down on the concrete. "Why did you do that?!" I yelled at him. "You will wear whatever I tell you to wear." He said.

"No I won't!" I yelled pushing him. It had very little affect and he raised his hand and slapped me. My hand flew up to my burning cheek.

"You're going to learn to respect me. Now unless you want to be down in that basement starving and getting fucked every two seconds, I suggest you keep your fucking mouth shut." He threatened. I nodded and leaned against the wall fearful of anything else he might plan to do.

He turned and placed his clothes on. Tears rolled down my stinging cheek. "I...I don't know how to put a tampon on." I admitted. He looked at me with a small smile. "I'll try to do it for you." He grabbed it in his hand. "No!" He sent me a warning glare. "I mean.....no. I'll ask Honey to show me." He gave the tampon to me and gestured for me to leave. I left out of the room and walked down the hall. I saw Honey talking to the girl that Shane named Cookie. Honey looked at me and then shoed Cookie away.

"Hey. You okay?" She asked. I nodded. Definitely not. "What did you want to talk about?" I asked. Her eyes looked down to the tampon in my hand. "Um....."

"Yeah. I know. I need you to teach me how to put one on. I never did it before. I only put on pads but Shane just threw them out of the window." She sighed.

"I fucking hate him. Come on." She grabbed my hand and led me into the room before closing the door. "Shane is a fucking dick." She said. She brought me into the bathroom that was in the room and closed the door as she left out. "I'm going to tell you how to do it. Okay?"

"Okay." I answered. Honey taught me how to put the tampon in and I instantly felt better. I opened the door and she smiled at me. "Everything feels okay?" I nodded.

"So what did you want to talk about?" I asked. She hesitated a little.

"So I told one girl about our plan." My eyes widened. "What?! Honey how could you do that?" She shook her head.

"Just listen. Her name is Paradise. She doesn't want to escape but she wants to help us."

"Why doesn't she want to escape." Honey ran her fingers through her hair. "Paradise A.K.A. Jenna Smith never had any family or barely a home. Unfortunately we're the closest thing to family she has. She feel that if she escapes, she won't have any where to go and she'll be screwed. But luckily she loves me and she has found an escape."

"Really?" Honey nodded with a big smile crossing her face. "And we will make our escape two days from now."

"Why did you move it up?"

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"The sooner we live this hell hole, the sooner we can get our lives back on track." Honey was smart and confident. "Honey?" I asked. She fell down on the bed and looked at me.

"Where did you live before you came here?" I asked. She shrugged. "Everywhere I guess. I liked to travel alot so....I really don't have a specific place. I've been here for more than three years. I've spent those three years trying to find an escape but couldn't. I've never actually had the guts to try to escape until you came along."

I smiled at her and she smiled back.

"I better get back before Shane gets mad."

"Meet me back in this room in a couple of hours after Dinner." I nodded once and went back to Shane's room. I placed on a pair of fishnets. Black heels and a black and red bustier. Along with a G-string.

Why does he always give me such slutty things to wear? He smiled at me. "Dinner will be served soon. Be downstairs in ten minutes." He walked out and closed the door. I suddenly heard a noise in the bathroom. I slowly walked over and opened the door. A girl with dirty blonde hair and black glasses was picking up something that fell over. I looked at her questioningly. "Oh. I'm sorry." She said picking the small trash can up. "Uh, who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Paradise. I snuck in here a while ago. I'm so sorry. Just for you to know, I didn't do anything with Shane. I know you like him."

I shook my head. "Oh god no. I don't care for him at all. So...you're the one that can help me and Honey escape?" She nodded. "So what's the plan?" I asked.

"Is Shane out there?" She asked. I shook my head. She walked pass me out into the bedroom.

"Honey told me you two want to escape two days from now. So....here's what I decided." She sat on the bed and crossed her legs. "Two days from now is Monday. That whole day, spend it with Shane so that you'll be able to sleep alone in your room. At midnight, go into Honey's room and both of you come and meet me in the livingroom. It's important that you leave all of the lights off. You will meet me in the livingroom and I'll have the key for you and then you'll just sneak out the front door."

I paused for a while. "That? That's it?" She nodded once. "Wait. There's guards surrounding the house." I said. A small devious smile appeared on her face. "They'll be.....distracted."

She tried to hide her smile but she wasn't succeeding. "So, you really think this will work?" I asked.

She nodded. "Beyond Positive." She answered.

Chapter 7: Unbelievable

Chapter 7: Unbelievable

Today was that day. That day the me and Honey would leave this place forever. For some reason, Shane gave me peach colored pills and everytime I asked him what they were for, he'd ignore me. But I took them anyway. It was seven o' clock at night. I was laying down in Shane's bed completely naked. He was holding me in his arms. I just layed there quietly. Pretending that I wanted to be in his arms. He started playing with a piece of my hair. "You know, Ginger, you're the most prettiest girl in this house." I closed my eyes and then opened them back up slowly.

"Am I?" I asked. I felt him nod his head. "Yes. You are." His lips kissed my shoulder and I actually like the way it felt. It gave me a tingling feeling. His hands was rubbing my thigh up and down softly.

"If I wasn't the kind of man I am and if you were at least eight years older, I'd marry you." He said. Thing is, he'll never change. Ever. Even if I don't exactly know Shane that well, I don't see him as the committing type. Honey did say he slept with or raped just about every girl in this house and there is alot.

"You would change who you are for me?" I asked.

"Maybe. If I could actually trust you. Believe it or not, you're not like the other girls, Ginger. I see that you are more mature. More sophisticated. And I would actually like to see how you are when you actually want sex."

"Maybe if you weren't so rough, I'd actually enjoy it." His lips trailed over my shoulder and he breathed deeply. "Are you getting smart with me, Ginger?" His eyes stared into mine. I shook my head.

"Good because you know what happens when you make me mad." He whispered in my ear as he dug his nails into my thigh. I winced slightly.

"Come on. Shower." I slowly got up and went into the bathroom and he followed me. He turned the shower on as I looked into the mirror. I didn't even recognize myself. I've become this depressed, trapped, girl who has sex constantly with a man that is probably ten years older than her.

I was no longer the straight A, soccer playing, intelligent, innocent virgin. Shane took that all away from me. I got into the shower with him and he stared down at me with lust in his eyes. He placed his hand on my cheek. Water rained down on the both of us as he pressed his lips to mine and pulled me close to him.

He leaned down and pressed his lips against my shoulder and then trailed up to my ear. "If you ever leave me, I'll kill you." He whispered. Why did it seem that Shane was becoming too attached to me. Not for long because around midnight, I'm out of here. I let him do whatever he wanted to to me in the shower. And he made me suck his cock in the shower. I didn't like it but he was being more gentle than James was.

When we got out of the shower, he laid back down in the bed. "Stay with me until I fall asleep." He said. I bit my lip and laid in the bed with him. "I want to get you pregnant." He said. I looked at him with horror in my eyes. "Just a thought. Calm down. I was just thinking aloud."

"W-Why would you want that?" I asked. He shrugged and then climbed on top of me. "Like I said, it's just a thought." He kissed my lips and I placed my hands on his chest and pushed slightly. He stopped kissing me and looked down at me. "I-I'm tired. I really want to sleep. Please?" I asked. He slowly got off of me and laid beside me. I was still naked and so was he. He pulled the covers over us and looked at me. I stared up at the

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ceiling.

Soon, I heard his quiet snores. I looked over and his eyes were closed and his mouth was slightly open showing his perfect bright teeth. If wouldn't have done all that he has, I would have fallen in love with him on sight.

His right arm was over me. I have to do the test. Just to make sure he's really sleep. I slowly sat up and grabbed his arm, lifted it up and it immediatley flopped back down on me. He's definitely sleep. I looked over at his alarm clock and the numbers said eleven fifty one. I removed his arm from my body and slipped out of the bed. There was no time to go on looking for something to wear. I'll just walk down to my room without any clothes on. All the lights are off so no one would really notice me. I quietly crossed the room and opened the door. I walked out backwards and shut it as gently as possible. I slowly made my way down the hall. I walked down the little set of stairs and opened the door to my room. I knew it was mine because I felt the letter 'G' scraped into the door. I opened it and a cool breeze hit me. I closed my door and turned on the lamp. I know Paradise told me to keep the lights off but I had to find some clothes to wear. I looked on my bed and there was a pair of jeans along with a white t-shirt. Some socks and black tennis shoes. Thank you Honey or Paradise. Whoever.

I slipped the clothes on in a hurry and turned the lamp off before I left out. I didn't bother knocking on Honey's door. I just walked in. I never been in her room before. She told me where it was but I never actually saw the inside. I closed the door. "Honey?" I asked.

"Yeah?" Answered a voice from the dark corner. I gasped. "You ready?" I asked. She moved so that I could see her in the light from the moon. "Been ready since I got here." She whispered back.

We both opened the door and sneaked downstairs. We silently walked through the kitchen and then we made our way into the livingroom. "Paradise?" Honey whispered.

"On the couch." Paradise's high voice answered. She gave three keys to Honey. "What exactly are the keys for? Don't we just have to sneak out the front door?" I asked.

"No. Shane made it so you needed a key to get out. The second key is for one of the cars. You won't make it very far on foot. And the third key is to the keypad you also need to get out." Paradise answered.

"How did you get the keys?" I asked.

"Easy. I was the first girl here. I know all of Shane's hiding places."

"Does he have a w-"

"We have to go." Honey whispered loudly tugging on my arm.

"Okay, stay for ten minutes down here until all the guards come into the room with me. Ten minutes exactly. Oh and also, the password that Shane made for the keypad next to the door is Pussy."

"What?" Honey asked. Shane is such a perv.

"He made the password not me. That's why you always failed when you tried to get out of the house. You never knew the code."

"Okay, so wait ten minutes and type 'Pussy' into the keypad. Got it." Honey said.

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"Showtime." Paradise whispered. She got up and I heard her heels disappear into the kitchen and into another room.

Honey and I stayed down on the floor as we heard footsteps following in the same room Paradise was in. As the minutes pass slowly, we stood up looking around. Honey stood up all the way, I brought her back down. "You sure this is a good Idea?" I asked her. I couldn't see the expression she had on her face but her voice was irritated. "It's either do this or be fucked against your will for the rest of your life." She had a point. We both stood up and ducked through the hallway. We ran as quietly as possible through the hall. We ran to the front door. I felt relief wash through my body. And even a few tears came down as I realized that this was it. We're finally about to escape.

Me and Honey hugged for a second and then opened the keypad with one of the keys.

She typed in the word 'Pussy' and it rejected. Me and Honey looked at each other. He must have thought that it was too easy to guess. So he changed it....of course. Then I saw a slight idea come on her face. She typed in the word 'Ginger'. And it rejected again. She bit her lip and put in the word 'Haley' and it accepted. He used my real name as the password?

Honey forced the key into the lock and turned it. My heart pounded fast and hard inside my chest. She opened the door and we both smiled as we saw outside but our smiles dropped as we saw Shane leaning against a brick wall glaring at us. His hands were in the pockets of his black pants. His white shirt was unbuttoned. "You two do realize that there's a much, much easier way to get out of here, right?" Me and Honey looked at each other. Then our eyes went back to Shane. His eyes looked at me. "I asked you if you two were planning something and you said no. Am I right, Ginger?" I looked at the ground afraid to look into his angry eyes. He walked over to me and pulled my hair so that I'd look at him. "Am I right?" He said lower. I closed my eyes and nodded. Shane let go of me and looked past us. Two guards suddenly took both of Honey's arms. "What are you doing?" I asked them.

"Take her to the basement." Shane said. I turned to Shane. "No. Please. No. Don't kill her please Shane. Please. Please. I'm so sorry." I said. I got down on my knees and looked up at him to show him I was serious. "Please." If Honey died, I'd be lost. She's my best friend. I love her. "Get up, Ginger. You're going down there too." When he said that, I felt like all hope was completely lost. He grabbed me by my arm and led me down the hall. He stopped in the kitchen as the guards had Paradise and was leading her downstairs. She didn't look upset.

Once we were all downstairs, Shane locked the door and then came down the stairs completely while still gripping my arm. He pushed me against the brick wall and I let out a violent scream. "You done pissed me off beyond the limit, Ginger. I was nice to you. Nicer to you than all the other girls and what do you do? Treat me like I'm fucking stupid. But I'm going to show you who's really stupid." He let go of me. The same man that was in the basement that killed both of those girls came in with a gun in his hand and a smile on his face. I felt fear on my body. I looked over at Honey and Paradise who were sitting on the other side of the room on the floor looking scared. Shane grabbed the gun from the guy's hand and aimed it at me. He pulled the trigger. I screamed but then realized that he missed. The bullet was in the wall hardly an inch from my head. I looked at him as he glared back at me. He missed on purpose.

"Come here, Ginger." He demanded. My heart thumped extremely fast as I came near him. I began to cry. "Shane?"

"Shut up." He answered. I nodded and walked to him. He slapped me and I landed on the floor hitting my head. I let out a scream of pain. "No. Don't you dare." Honey said. I looked at her confused. She had an apologetic look on her face. "If you don't want to watch, close your eyes." Shane said. Watch what? He pulled

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my jeans down. What was he doing? He pulled my panties down next. I looked over and Honey wasn't looking at me. Neither was Paradise. Honey's eyes were on the ceiling. He wasn't going to do this to me in front of her was he?

He got on top of me. "Fight it." He said. I shook my head. I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. "Now." He growled. "No!" I yelled and spit on his face. He sighed, wiped it away and spit on my face. I tried to wipe it on my face but he pinned my arms to the floor. He slid the gun to the man and he grabbed it and picked it up.

Shane nodded once and the man smiled and aimed the gun at Paradise and pulled the trigger. "No!" Honey cried. Paradise's eyes widened and she fell to the floor with a hard thud. "Oh my god." I cried and closed my eyes. I opened them and saw Honey holding Paradise's body in her hands. Paradise's blood was everywhere. "Well that was fun." The man with the gun said laughing. "Fuck you!" Honey said with tears in her eyes.

Shane smiled at her and then looked down at me. "You know.....I have a better Idea." He got off of me and relief took over my body. He moved Paradise away from Honey and slapped her. She made a sound of pain and her head hit the floor. I think I even heard a crack. He got on top of her and forced his pants down. "No. No. No!" I yelled. The man with the gun held me tightly and I tried to fight him. "Get off of her!" I yelled. "Stop it!" I yelled. The man with the gun wrapped his arms around me making it impossible for me to move. I closed my eyes unable to watch and he impaled himself into Honey. "Can I fuck this one?" The man holding me asked.

"No! That one is mine." Shane growled. I opened my eyes and saw him glaring at me. He pulled out and then pushed into her causing her to make a whimpering noise of pain. I closed my eyes and took myself somewhere else. To not have to focus on this. To not hear it. To not see it. This was unbearable. I would rather him do this to me than Honey.

"No. Shane please. Do it to me. Not her. Please." I begged. He stopped and looked at me. He looked at me as if I was his dinner. "No. No. Ginger, it's fine. I'm fine." Honey said teary eyed. I closed my eyes again as Shane continued. It was harsh torture. So harsh and I couldn't stand it. I wanted Shane dead. I wanted him dead so fucking bad. I felt sick to my stomach. The man that was holding me had an erection poking me in my back. "Hey, whenever we're alone, Its me and you." He said.

"What?" I asked. He smiled. "I'm going to fuck you whenever I can get you alone." I tried to pull away from him. I heard Shane's scream of pleasure and I knew he came inside of Honey.

I pulled away from the guy as Shane stood up pulling his pants back up. I ran to Honey and took her face in my hands. She was staring up at the ceiling not looking at me. Not looking at anyone.

"Honey?" I asked. Her eyes slowly went to mine and they watered up. "I'm so sorry." I whispered and hugged her tightly.

I felt hands on my arms picking me up. "No!" I shouted as Shane dragged me upstairs. I cried loudly wanting Honey. I knew something was wrong with her. "Please!" I cried as he carried me to his room and sat me down on the bed. He ripped my clothes off and stared deep into my eyes. "You need to stop it. Stop your fucking crying. Stop trying to escape. Just stop!" He yelled.

"Don't do this. Please. Just let me go. Please let me go." I begged.

"I can't do that. I want you here. With me."

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"I don't want to be here."

"And I don't care." He whispered as he kissed me on my lips. I cried silently. I was never getting out of here. Ever.

Chapter 8: You're doing this on purpose

Author's Note: Bad things happen to Ginger in this chapter. Then again in just about every chapter something bad happens to her. There are a few more chapters left. Love you all for reading this.

Chapter 8: You're doing this on purpose

I was sitting on the window seal staring out the small window. My hair was a mess. There was bruises all over my body and my brain felt numb. My entire body felt numb. Shane came over to me and made me look at him. "Why the long face?" He asked smiling. He knew why I looked the way I did. I wanted to leave. To be happy. To smile and laugh with my friends and family again. "Get away from me." I whispered. His smile vanished and his eyes became dark with anger. "And if I don't?" He asked. I knew there was nothing I could do. I couldn't go anywhere. I could do anything. I was trapped and it doesn't seem like I was going anywhere anytime soon.

My heart thumped violently as he stared deep in my eyes. "You're sleeping in my room tonight. I just hope you know that." He slowly turned and walked away. If he wanted me to sleep in his room, then I know he wants to violate me.

The one person that can make me smile at least a little walked in. Honey smiled at me and hugged me tightly. "Hi." She whispered.

"Why are you whispering?" I asked. Her smile slowly faded. "Shane told me to stay away from you."

"Why would he tell you that?" I asked. She looked at me like the answer was obvious. "Two reasons. One, we might try to make another attempt at escaping and two, he wants you only to himself."

"What?" I asked.

"Is it really taking you this long to see that he's falling in love with you?" She asked. I thought about it for a second. "He has a funny way of showing it." I said. She leaned against the wall.

"I know he does but I see the way he looks at you even if it is mostly with anger. He doesn't treat you like he treats the other girls."

"Him being in love with me isn't a good thing." I said. I was talking to myself but I didn't mean to say it aloud. Shane came back into the room. He was holding the same peach colored pills and a glass of water. He gave them to me. "What are these pills for?" I asked. He didn't answer me. His eyes looked to Honey. "Didn't I tell you to stay away from her?" Honey looked down to the floor.

"Leave. Now." He demanded. She glanced at me once before walking away. He looked back to me and a small smile appeared on his face. "Take the pills and drink your water." He said and gave them to me. I looked down at them. They were small and peach colored. "I don't want to. Not until you tell me what they're for." I said. He let out a frustrated sigh. He knocked the glass of water and the pills out of my hand. He pressed me against the wall. "Do you understand how fucking angry you make me?" He asked. I stared into his green eyes. "I'm sorry." I whispered.

His eyes grew from anger to lust. He lifted up my short skirt and pulled my panties down. "No. Shane. Please don't." I begged.

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"Shh. Be quiet and just enjoy it." He whispered. His hands softly rubbed my clit in circles while he kissed my neck. It felt good but I knew this was wrong. "No. Stop it." I said pushing him away. "Not today, Ginger."

"What?" I asked in confusion.

"Don't piss me off today." He whispered and began to kiss me again. He stuck two fingers inside me pushing them in and out of me. I could feel myself getting wet. My body was betraying me. I hated him for making me feel this way against my will. He pulled his lips apart from mine. "You're wet for me aren't you?" He asked. I didn't answer. I was embarrassed and angry.

"Follow me upstairs." I didn't do anything and just stared at him. "It's either you follow me or I carry you. Make your choice." He said. I sighed, grabbed my panties and followed him upstairs to his room. He closed it and locked the door. "Lay down on the bed." He ordered. I nodded and laid down. He pulled my skirt off of me and then got on the bed with me. "I'm not going to fuck you. Not until later tonight anyway. Right now is about your pleasure."

"What do you mean?" I asked looking at him.

"I'll show you exactly what I mean." He said and as he said that. He leaned down and gently blew on my clit. I sucked in a breath and closed my eyes. He placed my legs on his shoulder and buried his face into my pussy.

I threw my head back on the pillow and clutched the sheets in my hand. "No. S-Shane.....Stop." I breathed. He licked and sucked on my clit making me wetter than ever. I felt sensations running through my body. I never felt this before. I felt his tongue go deep inside of me making me moan. Why am I giving him the satisfaction? I don't know but I couldn't help how good it felt.

I grabbed his hair between my fingers and pulled. I moaned his name as he tongue fucked me. I felt a shock of pleasure deep down inside of me. It was almost painful as the pleasure got more and more intense.

I suddenly felt a very weird but sensational feeling coming to the surface of my pussy. I cried out as I felt my release. My eyes were closed and my breath was heavy. I was ashamed that I liked it. Extremely ashamed. Tears began to roll down my face. He placed my legs back down and I opened my eyes to see him face to face with me. He parted my lips with his and I could taste myself on his lips and it surprisingly turned me on. But it was embarrassing at the same time.

He pulled back and looked into my eyes. "You taste so good." he whispered. I was disgusted by him and myself. "I hate you." I responded. He smiled and kissed me again.

"You hate me but you liked it." He got me there. I didn't answer and his smile became wider. "Basically the thing is, I can bring you pleasure whenever I want to. All those times we've fucked and you never came, that was only because I didn't want you to cum. But as long as you start to obey me and not be a smart ass 24/7, I'll fuck you and eat you out and make you cum whenever and wherever you want to. Understand?" I slowly nodded. He kissed me once again before getting up. "Lunch will be soon. Get dressed and be downstairs in twenty minutes." He unlocked the door, opened it and then closed it. I just laid there ashamed of what I just let happen. I should have stopped him.

I took a shower and got dressed in a pink skimpy outfit that was laid out for me. I placed my feet in the hot pink heels and combed my hair and then I was off downstairs. I walked through the kitchen and saw Honey. I saw her taking the peach colored pills. "What are those? He keep giving them to me." I said. She placed one in her mouth and washed it down with a bottle of water. When it disappeared she sat the water down. "Birth control

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pills." I stared at her in disbelief. "You cannot be serious." I said. She nodded.

"He's been giving me birth control pills? How does he even know when I have to take him?" She shrugged. "Most likely one of the girls told him how they work."

"What he has a problem with wearing condoms?" I asked her. Her eyes were focused on something behind me.

"Actually, I do." I closed my eyes knowing that voice. I turned and he was glaring at me. "Fucking feels better without a condom. So I got birth control pills. And if you must know, Paradise gave me the information about them. So....I have every girl in this house take the pills."

"But how do you keep that up? Like how do you keep track of what days everyone has to take them?"

"That's my business Ginger. You're getting a little too nosy." He grabbed my arm and brought me into the diningroom. We sat down and I ate lunch silently while the guys talked and laughed. Shane kept rubbing his hand up and down my thigh. A guy that looked slightly older than all the other guys walked in and the whole place grew quiet. His hair was dark and he had brown eyes. His skin the same color as Shane's. I looked back and forth between them. They had to be father and son. It was so obvious. Shane smiled and got up. He walked forward and hugged the man. "Nice to see you son." The man said. He was actually kind of hot for a dad. He let go of Shane.

"Pick one you want." Shane said looking at the table of girls. His dad was in on this whole thing too? Was every guy a fucking rapist? His father looked at all the girls through the table and his eyes suddenly looked at me. I saw a devious smile appear on his face. Shane must have seen it too because he stiffened. "Her." His dad said pointing to me. I suddenly felt scared and nervous.

"No." Shane said. His dad looked at him. Well he was glaring at him. "No?" He asked. Shane cleared his throat. "I mean. Anybody but her." He said.

"Why?" He asked. Shane looked at me for a second and then down to the floor. "Only I can have her. I'm the only one that sleeps with her. James made her perform oral sex on him and I.....I killed him."

"James was your bestfriend. And you killed him for a slut?" Shane glanced at me and then down to the floor. His father's eyes looked back at me. "Come here, darling." He said.

I was so scared. More afraid of him than I ever was of Shane. I scooted the chair back and then got up. I pushed the chair in and walked down the aisle as everyone looked at me. His father held out his hand and I placed my hand in his. "What's your name, beautiful?"

I looked at Shane and he sent me a warning glare. "It's Ginger." I answered. He smiled. "How old are you, Ginger?"

"Sixteen." I answered. His dad immediately looked at Shane. "Sixteen? You picked up a sixteen year old?"

"I didn't know she was that old at the time, dad. I'm sorry." Shane answered. His dad shook his head. His eyes went back to mine.

"Ginger, turn around for me." He said letting go of my hand. I slowly obeyed. I knew he was looking at my ass. I turned back to face him and I saw a satisfied smile on his face. "I want her." He said.

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Shane looked upset. "Can I talk to her first?" Shane asked.

His dad nodded once. Shane grabbed my arm and led me to the kitchen. He pressed me against the counter. Anger was in his eyes. "I can't believe he wants you. You of all people." He paced around the kitchen.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked. He stopped to look at me. "No. I just don't want anyone else to fuck you." He answered. He looked into my eyes. "My dad is worst than me. If you don't do what he says, he'll hurt you. Bad. Just do what he wants. Pleasure him. Just Don't Piss Him Off." The way he said it had me scared. I nodded once. I was about to go back into the diningroom, but Shane pulled me to him and kissed me. When he pulled back, his lips trailed down to my ear. "No matter who fucks you, you'll always belong to me." I closed my eyes to keep from crying. I didn't want to be fucked and I didn't want to be Shane's but looks like both of were happening to me.

"Okay." I answered. He kissed me again before leading me back to the diningroom. He brought me back to his dad. "Let's go." He grabbed my hand and led me upstairs to the fourth floor. I never been up here. I thought downstairs was nice. The fourth floor was unbelievable. He led me to a huge bedroom. The carpet was burgandy and the bed spread was black with burgandy and white stripes on it. The room smelled like cinnamon. I heard him close the door behind me and I heard the door being locked. I turned around and saw him taking his black tie off. "How experienced are you Ginger?" He asked. I didn't know what he meant. He smiled.

"Sexually. How experienced are you sexually?" I shrugged. "Um.....well. Shane took my virginity and ever since then, he's been raping me and I just lay there and let him so I'm not very experienced."

"You were a virgin when you came here?" I nodded. He sighed. "Shane is stupid. So very stupid but he does have good taste in girls." He said walking towards me.

"I just want you to know that if you try to run or hit or escape from me, it's going to be painful. And that's not a threat but it's a promise." He said. He opened my pink corset and let it fall to the floor. "Sit on the bed." He said. I listened to him and he got down on his knees in front of me. He lifted my legs and pulled my knee high stockings off and then made me get up and pulled my panties down. Embarrassment and nervousness was flooding throughout my body. He smiled as his eye roamed over my body. "You are definitely a piece of art." He said.

He took off his jacket and unbuttoned his black shirt. He placed them on the bed. I was about to get on the bed but he told me not to. Once his clothes was off, he looked at me. "You'll do whatever I say okay, slut?"

"My name is Haley. Not slut." I said angrily. He smiled. He grabbed a hand full of my hair and I screamed in pain as he pressed me against the long black dresser. He forced his lips on mine and when I rejected, he slapped me hard leaving burning feeling on my cheek. He forced everything that was on the dresser onto the floor and placed me on the dresser. I cried as he forced himself inside of me. He kissed me hungrily and thrust in and out of me. "You're so tight." He moaned. "Get off of me!" I cried trying to push him. "He grabbed my hair and yanked it back forcing me to look up at him. "I suggest you shut up before I throw you out the window head first."

I finally managed to push him off of me and as soon as I made it to the door, I felt a searing pain go through my head as it hit the door and I fell to the floor.

My head hit the floor harshly and I immediately developed a headache. I felt him looking down at me. "You want to push me away, slut?" He asked. I suddenly felt his fist connect with my face leaving my jaw sore. "Fucking bitch." He muttered.

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"Now, I'm going to fuck you and you're to take it. You understand me?" He asked as he turned me over on my stomach and entered me from behind. It was one of the most painful tortures I've ever felt.

Chapter 9: Can't love you back

Author's Note: Sorry to say but there's one more chapter after this. Thank you guys for reading this. It really meant a lot to me and I'm planning on writing another novel soon. Hopefully it becomes as popular as sex toy and this story. We'll see. Thank you all again for reading. Also sorry for such a short chapter.

Chapter 9: Can't Love You Back

I kept my eyes on the floor when his dad got off of me. I took a deep breath holding back my tears. I had to leave. I had to leave now. I heard him pulling his clothes on. It was as if everything was in slow motion. Every breath I took. Every time my heart beat. It was slow. He grabbed my hair and yanked my head up to make me look at him. "You were amazing, darling." He placed his lips on mine and then walked out without another word. I felt horrible. It was worse than what Shane does. This was a harsh punishment that I didn't deserve. I got up slowly feeling sore and just....disgusting. I heard footsteps and I cried knowing that his dad wasn't done with me. But Shane came in and I felt a strange sense of relief. "I'm so sorry, Haley." He picked me up. I was too upset to have a surprised reaction that he actually called me by my real name. He sat me on his bed downstairs and began to run bathwater for me. He placed me in the warm water without a word and began to wash me. I kept my eyes closed. But I could tell he was looking at my face the whole time. When he was done, he covered me in a towel and laid me in his bed. He laid me down in the bed and turned off the light as he walked out of the room closing the door.

I didn't know why he was being so nice all of a sudden. But it made me slightly happy. I had a dream and it was amazing. I was laying in my own bed at my house and my mother was smiling down at me. But that's how I knew it was a dream. Because somehow in my dream, I was aware that she was really dead.

When I woke up, Honey was looking down at me. That was it. Honey reminded me of my mother. Maybe that's why I feel so close to her. "Are you okay?" She asked. Remorse was filling up her voice. "Yeah." I answered. A small smile was on her face. "We're going to escape. This time, this plan is guaranteed to work." I shook my head. "No, Honey. Not this time. I'm done trying. We're just going to make it bad for ourselves." She shook her head. "No. This plan is better. I guarantee." She sounded excited.

"Okay. Tell me what it is." I said. She shook her head. "You'll see. Just make sure Shane has sex with you tonight. And when you two is about to, give me a signal. Say something like 'Love'.

"I'm sore. And why would I say 'Love' of all things?"

"Would you rather stay here for the rest of your life?" I shook my head. "Sometimes it can take a little pain to get what you want." She was right. Honey was right. I would prepare for the pain. "He's been acting nicer to me." I commented. She rolled her eyes as if I was late. "He loves you. I keep telling you." I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair. Shane suddenly came into the room. "And if I do, that's my business." He said. He glared at Honey. She looked down to the floor. She's been more scared of him since that day he raped her in the basement.

"Haley, you have to take the birth control pills. I'll get them for you." He said. Honey snapped her head up looking back and forth between me and Shane. He slowly turned and left out the room. She looked at me and nodded. "Yes. He definitely loves you. He has never ever never called a girl by her real name. Ever." I almost heard a hint of jealousy in her voice but her face looked shocked. I shrugged.

Her face suddenly became serious. "Don't." She whispered.

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"Don't what?" I asked.

"Fall for him. It's easy to but you can't. Promise me you won't, Haley."

I nodded. "I promise I won't." Honey nodded once as Shane came back into the room. "Leave us." He demanded. Honey glanced at me once before she left out of the room. Shane closed the door and handed me the pill and a glass of water. I took the pill and drank most of the water. I sat down on the night stand next to the bed and looked at him. "I'll get some clothes for you." He went to the dresser. I wasn't in the mood to wear fishnets or heels or G-strings. He brought out a white t-shirt and black shorts. It was different from what I normally wear but I didn't argue. He gave me a pair of panties and a bra and I slipped the clothes on. He stared at me and smiled. "I want to talk to you." He said. I nodded and sat down looking up at him. He sat beside me and placed his hand on my thigh and his green eyes looked into mine.

He took a deep breath. "This wasn't something I always wanted to do. My father basically forced me into this and soon.....I was addicted. Addicted to being an ass to every girl. I just became heartless and sick. And that's what you think when you see me." He had that right.

"I don't mean to be rude but what is your point?" I asked. He bit his lip and looked down to the floor. "I'm sorry but I can't ever let you go." I looked to the floor also. "Why?" I asked.

He didn't answer. But I knew the reason. "Because I love you." He admitted. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. "Ever heard of the saying if you love someone let them go?" He looked at me. "I think that is the stupidest fucking saying. It makes no sense." He said. He was irritated.

There was no use. Well maybe there was, I had a little hope left. Honey said she had a plan. I hope it would be successful. "I don't love you, Shane. I might have if none of this would have happened. You forced me into sex way before I was ready. You've scared all the love out of me. Now I feel.....numb."

"I still need you here with me rather you love me or not." I didn't answer. I knew he was going to say that. I was sick of this. This was too much especially for a sixteen year old. "Well could you at least promise me that you might consider it one day?" He shook his head. "I can promise you that my dad will never touch you again." I was at least grateful for that.

When it was dinner time, the girls all glared at me because I was the only girl that actually had on comfortable clothes. It made me nervous. Shane sat next to me. There was spaghetti and salad and garlic bread on the side. Along with wine. When it was around ten o'clock, Shane gestured for me to follow him into his room. We just laid there in silence and it shocked me. I was surprised that he didn't want to just get right to it. He got up and turned the light off and got back onto the bed with me. I turned to my side and he held me in his arms. He started to kiss my neck. Honey told me that we had to have sex in order for the plan to go through. So I didn't stop him from doing what he wanted. His hands gently rubbed on my thighs. I closed my eyes.

This would be over soon. He turned me on my back and looked down at me. "This time, I will make you cum." I had no idea but him saying that turned me on slightly. I was disgusted with myself. Being turned on by a guy that kidnapped and raped me repeatedly. He made me sit up and he slid my shirt up over my head. His eyes never left mine. He wasn't as aggressive as he normally is. His touches were gentle and so was his lips. I was nervous and scared that he'll hurt me like he normally does. My heart pounded hard in my chest. "I'm not going to hurt you. I promise, Haley." Even the sound of my name didn't phase me out of my nervous mood.

He's already hurt me since the day he kidnapped me. He got me out of my clothes while still staring me in my eyes. Should I say 'Love' now? Or should I wait until.....he's inside of me? Once his clothes were off, he was

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on top of me moving pieces of my hair from my face. "It's not going to hurt this time." He said. I nodded. Although I only partially trusted him. 1/18 trusted him. He stuck his fingers inside of me. It hurted only a little. I was still sore from what his father did earlier.

But what he was doing to me felt good. I felt myself getting wet. I closed my eyes. I didn't want this. But my body was saying that I did. "Shane.....please..." He stopped my sentence by kissing me as he pushed in. I moaned unexpectantly and he smiled at me. Maybe that's what he wanted the most. A reaction. I dug my nails into his back and closed my eyes. He loved me even if he didn't know how to show it and he was really sweet, when he wanted to be. This felt so good. He was right. He can bring pleasure to me whenever he felt like it. And he can make it hurt whenever he wanted to. I felt his lips on mine and I kept my eyes closed. When he pulled back he moaned 'Haley' in my ear. It was just crazy how this twenty something year old man was in love with me.....a sixteen year old girl. I let out a sigh. "Love." I said. He stopped and looked at me confused and then smiled warmly at me and kissed me again while thrusting in and out. My hips went up to match his. I closed my eyes again and tried to keep my mouth shut. I didn't want him to know that I liked the feeling of him inside of me. It'd make me a sick person. When I opened my eyes, they widened as I saw Honey walking towards me and Shane with a knife in her hand. Her eyes more than completely focused on Shane.

Chapter 10: The Last Resort

Author's Note: This is the last chapter to Stolen and Used(Ginger's Story.) I would like to thank you all for reading this and I love you all. Another Booksie member named: Sampow is making up the same story only told from Honey's Pov. I seriously suggest you all check it out. I'm excited to check it out. I wish I had someone who would write the story from Shane's Pov but.....oh well. My focus is on Fantasy now. I'm writing four fantasy novels: My Dark Lover, The Half Breed, Immortal Love will always be dead, and Dead with emotions. Hope you guys will check some of them out. Enjoy this last chapter!

Chapter 10: The Last Resort

I kept my eyes on Shane trying to ignore Honey approaching us slowly and quietly. He pushed in again and continued to kiss me. My heart beat quickened. I couldn't let her do this. Yes, he's a very horrible person but I knew deep down inside of him that there was a sweet, loving person that just didn't know how to love.

All he wanted was love. And if it means that he'd let all these women in this house go back to their families, I'll be with him for as long as he wants me. I'll stay with him so that Honey could be free. Because of his love for me, I could probably convince him to let everyone go and keep me. Honey was now right next to us. I was surprised that Shane didn't notice her presence. I couldn't let this happen. She lifted the knife up as she glared down at Shane. His lips kissed my neck as I whispered. 'No'. She ignored me and just as she forced the knife down, I pushed Shane out of the way and the knife came down, stabbing the bed. It was inches from my hip. I looked up at her with fear in my eyes.

She looked scared. But I was extremely concerned. I slowly looked over at Shane. I couldn't even explain how angry he looked. It was the scariest expression I've ever seen in my life. "I'm so sorry." Honey said. She looked at Shane. He got up so fast, I barely saw it. He pushed her against the wall. "You fucking bitch!" He yelled. I got up. "No! Shane stop it!" I yelled trying to pull him away from her.

"Please don't hurt her." I begged. He didn't look at me. He kept glaring at Honey. "Please, Shane. She's my best friend. I love her. Don't hurt her." He slowly looked at me. "She tried to kill me and almost killed you and you call her your friend."

"You beat her and rape her and you say that you love her." Honey said. "Shut up." Shane said in a harsh tone. "Please don't." I whispered.

He grabbed her by her hair. "Shane. Please don't hurt her. If you loved me, you won't do anything to her." I said. He slowly turned and looked at me. Honey looked at me also. "Let her go." I whispered. After a few moments, Shane sighed and let go of her. "I'll talk to her." I said. Shane looked at me. "You better." His voice was irritated. I looked at her, grabbed her hand and led her out of the room. Shane closed the door as I led Honey down the hallway. "Are you crazy? Do you want to get yourself killed? You're lucky I was able to convince Shane to not hurt you." I brought her to her room. I really didn't care that I was still naked and out in the open. "I cannot believe you stopped me." Honey said. I sighed and picked up a silk blue robe that was laying on her bed. I placed it on my body. "I'm sorry but even Shane doesn't deserve to die." I said.

"How could you say that? All the things he's done to you. He took your virginity against your will. He's hit you and let his father molest you. You don't think he deserves to die?" I shook my head. I hated Shane but for some reason, I liked him also. I didn't know what it was about him. "Haley, how can you not want him dead? He's done so much to so many women and you."

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"I'm sorry but I can't let you kill him." She looked at me like I just told her that I wanted to kill myself. "You fell for him didn't you?" I looked down at the floor. I didn't know how I felt. I hated his guts but part of me felt like I needed him. "You're so unbelievable, Ginger." How could she call me that? I closed my eyes and let out a deep sigh.

"That man kidnapped and keeps you held in this house without any freedom and you actually like him?"

"I just don't think we should kill him. I basically just saved your life."

"You know what, Haley? You can stay here and get raped all you want, I'm leaving." She said opening her door and then slamming it shut.

A few seconds later, she walked back in. "I forgot this is my room. Get out." I sighed and walked out. She slammed the door shut as I walked down the hall way back to Shane's room. I opened the door and saw him in pacing around the room. He only had on black pants. I closed the door and leaned against it. "That fucking cunt." He muttered.

"Don't call her that." I said defending Honey. Yes, Honey. Well.....Andrea was mad at me but I loved her. "Thank you for not hurting her." I said. I was grateful that he listened to me. He looked at me. "Well your welcome...I guess." I bit my lip.

"I want you to let her go." I said. Shane immediately shook his head. "No. Not going to happen."

"But you have me, why do you need her?" I asked.

"I don't need her. Like I said before. I'm not the one fucking her. She use to belong to James and now he's gone so she belongs to whoever."

I let out a sigh. "She's lucky I don't kill her. I should. She's useless."

"Exactly. She's useless, Shane. So let her go. She won't tell anyone about what happened to her. Please let her go. And I'll stay with you." I assured him. He had a thoughtful expression on his face. "I don't know, Haley." He answered. "Please." I whispered.

He stared into my eyes for a long moment before saying, "Only her and you have to stay." I nodded and smiled at him for once in my life. I walked over and hugged him tightly." He wrapped his arms around me. "Thank you." I said.

"I'm doing it for you, not for her." He responded. I nodded and pulled away to look back at him. "Still. Thank you." I whispered. He smiled a little and gently pressed his lips against mine. Softer unlike those other times.

"Go tell her to get her shit and leave. But not to draw attention." I nodded. "Shane, you have no idea how happy this makes me. Honestly." He went to a drawer and threw me an item. It was a key. The key to leaving the house. I smiled at him and quickly opened the door and ran to Honey's door. I knocked on it. "Go away!" She yelled. She sounded like she was crying. I opened the door and slammed it shut. "What?" She asked irritated. She was sitting on her bed with tears rolling down her cheeks. "You can leave." I said smiling at her.

"What?" She asked. I sat on the bed next to her. "Shane said you can leave." Her eyes became wide. "Are you serious?" She asked. I nodded. I suddenly saw a wide grin spread across her face. She got up quickly and stripped off her skimpy lingerie clothing and into normal clothes. "Come on. Let's go." She said pulling my arm. My smile disappeared. "What's wrong?" she asked.

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I took a deep breath. "I have to stay here with him." Her huge smile disappeared. "No. No. You have to come with me."

"If you leave, I have to stay. And that's exactly what has to happen." She shook her head. "No. If you have to stay, I'm going to stay." I shook my head and grabbed her face with my hands.

"You're going to get out of here, and you're going to be happy. You're going to meet some guy and get married and have kids. You're going to live a happy life. I promise you. Get out of here and be happy. You have a chance. I don't. Leave.....for me." I said. Tears fell down my cheeks as I looked at her. She hugged me tightly. "I can't make it without you." I shook my head.

"Yes. You will. I promise." She let out a deep sigh and then pulled back. "You sure?" I nodded once and smiled. She smiled back. Tears glistening in her eyes. "I love you, Haley." I gave her the keys to the house.

"I love you too, Andrea." She smiled at the keys and then hugged me once more before grabbing her shoes and walking out of the room. I slowly turned and went back into Shane's room. He was laing on his bed under the covers. He watched me as I closed the door and walked towards him and got into the bed next to him. He wrapped his arm next to me. "I know you're going to miss her." I nodded.

"Yeah, but I want her to be happy." Shane turned his head and kissed my forehead. "I'm so sorry for everything I put you through. I thought that if I be an angry, mean guy that I can control you and make you my slave but.....I guess I was wrong." His voice got lower.

"What make you start liking me?" I asked looking into his green eyes. He smiled a little. "I think it was your braveness. I mean you had your weak moments but you had your strong moments too. And even though those strong moments irritated me sometimes, I admired you for standing up to me. Something that most girls here doesn't have the strength to do." He placed his hand on my cheek and sighed. "I truthfully think it was the second I saw you that night that made me fall for you. I have never felt this way about someone before. I will never treat you like that again. I'm so sorry." He whispered. For some reason, I believed him. His eyes were sincere and his voice sounded like he was about to cry. "I trust you." I whispered. He smiled and pulled me closer to him. I don't know how I could stand to be close to him. Yes, he treated me badly but there was something about him. And I honestly didn't want to know what that something is. I needed him. I had a feeling that if Honey- I mean, Andrea- would have killed them, I probably would have been angry. But I'm glad he was alive and with me.

Make sure you read the Author's Note

Chapter 11: Epilogue

Author's Note: Okay.....Final chapter!!! Epilogue and soon you should all keep a look out for Honey's version of the story made by Sampow. It's going to take a while for her to write it but it'll be up here a.s.a.p. Love you all. Also, I'm writing a new story called The Lust Inside of me. Another erotica novel. I'll post it soon.

Epilogue: What the future brings

The last few ten months were decent. Well better than before. I missed Honey with all my heart and I hope to see her again one day. I always thought that me and her would both get out of here and be happy because we survived in this house.

But she was gone and I stayed behindâ for her. I was lying in Shane's bed and opened my eyes as the sun shined on my face. I felt Shane's arms wrapped around my body. He moved a little and I felt him kiss my neck. "Hey, you woke?" He asked softly. I nodded and looked into his eyes. He smiled moving pieces of my hair out of my face. "We should go." He said.

"What?" I asked.

"We should leave. Move into our own house and get the hell out of here." Was he serious? A bright smile was suddenly on my face. I'd give anything to leave here. Even if it means I'll still have no choice but to live with Shane. The relationship we had wasn't like master and slave any more. It was deeper than that and that made me happy.

"Really? We can leave?" I asked. He nodded and placed a kiss on my lips. "Yeah, I think I'm done with this shit." I smiled and kissed him back. His body was on top of mine in seconds and at this moment, I didn't mind. He placed himself between my legs. And the way he kissed me, it wasn't aggressive or forceful. It was a mixture between love and lust.

Me and Shane were moving out of that house. I felt bad for those girls that had to stay in there. I wanted to somehow convince Shane to convince his friends to let the girls go. But I knew it wouldn't work. So I just left the whole situation alone.

Shane wasn't so angry as usual. The sex was less rough and more enjoyable. The kissing wasn't forced anymore. It was a sunny Monday and I was finally outside for after so long of being trapped into that house. Well he let me out the house for doctor appointments but other than that....I stay cramped up in the house. I was sitting on the stairs watching Shane and his friends help load the car of his things. I wanted to help but Shane told me to stay on the stairs because I was pregnant. 6 months. Yes. Me and Shane were an abnormal couple. I was seventeen. He was twenty six. It was wrong to be with someone older than me but I didn't want to leave him. I placed my hand on my swollen stomach and smiled when I felt a slight kick. I know it was way too soon for this butâ in a wayâ it all just felt so right.

I suddenly heard footsteps and I looked up at Shane as he leaned against the porch banister. He was looking down at me. "I still think we should name him Aidan."

"That sounds like a vampire." He nodded and smiled. "I know." He responded. I smiled back at him. He sat next to me on the stairs. "You feeling okay?" He asked. I nodded. "Just tired. That's all." I said running my fingers through my brunette hair.

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"Can I ask you something, Haley?" I nodded. He took a deep breath before talking. He bit his lip. "If I told you that you were free to go, would you leave?" A year and a half ago, definitely. I shook my head. "No. I would not. I know that it would be right if I did. Because my goal since I got in this house was to get out. But.....even through all the anger you had, I kept telling myself that I hated you but some part of me.....it liked you. My family was so screwed up and probably still is. And I rather be with you." He smiled.

"I still can't believe what I've done to you. Kidnapping you and raping you. I'm such a prick, Haley and I am so sorry."

"You've been apologizing for the last few months. I forgave you a long time ago." I reminded him.

"You can call me a prick if you want to. I deserve it."

"Fine. If it'll make you feel better, you're a prick." We stared at each other and burst out in laughter.

"What? You wanted me to call you a prick so I did."

"You weren't supposed to for real." He said with a smile on his face. Believe it or not, that smile always made me happy. After a while, he looked at me again and kissed my lips softly. "What was that for?" I asked. He shrugged. "I just wanted to do that." I shook my head.

"So how about we name him.....Jax?" I asked. His eyebrows pulled together. "Jax? That's worst than Aidan." He said. I playfully pushed him. "We don't know for sure if it's going to be a boy though. We have to consider girl names too."

"No. I bet you a whole night of sex that it's going to be a boy." he said. I smiled. "You're on."

"I hope you can last enough." I said. He gave me a look. "You'tr not funny and I can last long." He said. I rolled my eyes.

"Three minutes is not considered long."

"We cum at the same time, every time. I hope you can last long." I laughed and looked out to the yard.

Some of the guys came near us. He looked up at them. "All your stuff is in. We will bring the rest of the stuff by your house later."

He nodded. "Thanks."

A guy that had dark hair and blue eyes glanced at me and then back to Shane. "You sure you want to do this? I mean....We've been doing this for years and you're just stopping out of no where."

Shane looked at me and then back at the guy. "I found the one." He said softly. I felt my heart melt and I blushed.

"If you say so." The guy said. Shane stood up and got in his face. "I did. Trust me. Now leave." The guys immediatley left as soon as Shane told them too. So not only did he have the girls in check. He had the guys too. So basically everybody that in the house was Shane's little bitches. He looked back to me and held out his hand. "Ready?" A small smile was on his lips. I placed my hand in his as he helped me up.

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"I'm ready." I answered. He leaned his forehead against mine. "I love you, Haley." I smiled. "I love you too, Shane." He grabbed my hand and led me to the car. Soon, we were off and living in a three story house that Shane bought.

I put Jenna to bed and kissed her forehead. She was five and extremely pretty. I want her to have the life I never had. I was stolen at age sixteen but soon fell in love. And even though great things has happened to me after all this, I will never want my baby girl to go through what I had to go through. I don't think I will ever have the heart to tell her how me and her dad met.

'Yeah, Jenna when I was sixteen years old, I ran away from home and when I was walking down the street at night time, I was kidnapped by your dad and then he took me to a house where he raped me repeatedly.' I couldn't even put that in a nicer way.

I walked to the bedroom where Shane was laying down. I climbed under the covers with him and kissed his neck. He let out a low groaning sound. "Is she sleep?" He asked. I nodded.

He climbed on top of me. "Good because I've been wanting to fuck you all day." He said as he leaned down and pressed his lips against mine. I could feel his erection through his pajama pants. He nibbled on my neck and I moaned softly in his ear. And I think I felt him get harder. He pulled back slightly to look at me. "I want another baby."

"You do?" I asked. He nodded and kissed me again. I was happy he wanted another baby because I did too. I ran my fingers through his dark hair and he lifted himself up and slid down his pants. I'm not going to lie. I wanted him to fuck me all day also. I felt my shorts disappear and then my panties slowly disappear afterwards. I closed my eyes and opened them back as I felt him wrap my legs around his waist and push into me. He covered my mouth as I moaned his name. He'd probably know I would moan too loud. After a few seconds, he took his hand off my mouth and kissed me. His teeth bit into my bottom lip. I loved how his warm cock filled me. The feeling was unbelievable. I felt like I was about to cum in seconds. We rocked back and forth staring into eachothers eyes. I was unable to explain the feeling this gave me. I brought his lips down to mine to muffle my moans so that I wouldn't wake Jenna up. Her room was next door.

I knew he was about to cum because he started going faster and harder. And that's when I felt my orgasm starting buildup. "Cum for me, Haley." He whispered. One more thrust and I was there. My orgasm swam through my entire body causing me to scream and my toes to curl. Shane groaned and kissed me as I felt him cum inside of me. Hot and Thick. My eyes closed and I felt him breathing on my neck. I opened my eyes and kissed him as hard as possible. It was crazy how much love I could feel for a man that kidnapped me and forcibly took my virginity from me.

But I just did. I don't know how. He pulled back and kissed my nose, then my cheek and then my forehead. I smiled and then he got off of me and wrapped his arms around my body. "We're naming the baby Aidan this time." He said. I giggled. "We don't even know if I'm pregnant yet." I said.

He shrugged. "Well if you are, rather it's a girl or not, we're naming it Aidan." I reached back and grabbed a handful of his hair. "I'm not naming my daughter Aidan. That's like naming your son Sharon."

"You got to name Jenna. Which personally, I think her name should have been Snow."

"Why in the hell would I name my daughter Snow?"

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"You had her in December." I rolled my eyes. "Where we live, we'll be lucky if we ever get Snow." He kissed my ear. "I just know that I'm lucky I got you."

"And I'm lucky I got you." He kissed my ear again and I fell asleep into his arms.

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